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PRICE TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS.

THE
"HIGH PRIVATE,"

WITH A FULL AND EXCITING HISTORY OF THE

New-York Volunteers,



AND THE "MYSTERIES AND MISERIES"

OF THE

MEXICAN WAR.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART FIRST.

BY "CORPORAL OF THE GUARD."

New-York :
PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER.

1848.

“HIGH PRIVATE,”

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

THE MYSTERIES AND MISERIES

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The Constitution and By-laws of the Guerrillas, Banditti, &c.,
FOUND ON PRIEST JAURATA.

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AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

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Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and forty-eight, by ALBERT LOMBARD.

INTRODUCTORY.

In offering the following work to the world, the author claims no literary attainments, but, simply a "plain, unvarnished tale" of facts, mysteries, miseries, &c., of "non com.'s" and "high privates" during the Mexican War. Officers have rendered *their* accounts in various ways; they have been feted, honored, *puffed* and blown "sky high," by their own accounts, but the poor "non com.'s" and privates, who have accomplished most of the work and suffered all the hardships and miseries of the Mexican War, are left to the *winds* to perish and die! unknown and uncared for! Too truly has the private suffered—not only by the War, bad "promises," and bad treatment by many officers—but in sickness, shattered frames and broken down constitutions!

If the author has erred or made any inaccuracy in this *hasty* production, he begs the kind indulgence of a liberal public; and to the *deserving* officers, if he has done *them* any injury, he regrets it, and would say to a *few* officers, "go, and sin no more."

"CORPORAL OF THE GUARD."

New York, October, 1848.

MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,



As he actually appeared in battle.

GENERAL SCOTT.

The engraving on the opposite page is a correct portraiture of Gen'l Scott and his horse, as they actually appeared in battle, with the exception that he sometimes wore a broad brimmed Mexican hat, called a "*sombrero*."

In most all of the engravings of battles, the officers are represented as in full military dress, with dashing plumes, &c., while it is right the reverse; every officer pulls off his fine *toggery*, and puts on the *undress*, or plain jacket and common "forage" cap, looking more like the private ready to take their *chances* with the men; should they expose their plumes they would in all probability be *selected* for a "mark," which in time of battle they have no more desire for than the men. That peculiar dashing feeling on a review parade vanishes! and the officer finds himself but a man!



SKETCHES, INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES,

MYSTERIES AND MISERIES OF THE FIRST

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,

COL. WARD B. BURNETT, COMMANDING,

DURING PART OF 1846—1847—1848.

CHAPTER I.

FORMATION OF THE REGIMENT AND THE WAY THEY DID IT!

Extra Pay—What sort of Officers and Men—Composition and Bravery—Anecdotes—How the men got whiskey—A more genteel way—The “big sergeant”—First Chapter ended, and a few remarks about the one that is to come.

In the early part of November, 1846, an order from Government was received to raise one regiment of Volunteers for “during the War with Mexico.” Accordingly, the First Regiment was selected, and Col. Ward B. Burnett, Lt. Col. Charles Baxter, and Major J. C. Burnham were appointed field officers; they selected ten places of rendezvous and issued notices for “able-bodied recruits willing to live or die in defence of our common country,” *promising* three months extra pay, or three months advance, and six months clothing, which never went into operation so far as the poor soldier was concerned, except the six months clothing; the *gallant* officers of course, fared a little better, which I will pay particular attention to before I get through.

Too many letters have been written by the officers of the volunteer corps, as well as by "regulars," to ever arrive at real facts as they actually occurred. The officer is inclined to false pride and self adulation; of course, their actions are predominant over all the best germ of manly feeling for the poor hard-working and suffering soldier.

"But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,
And gives the scene to light."

The drumming up of recruits was commenced, and by the middle of December about eight hundred men enlisted for "better or for worse," as they say in the marriage ceremony, and were sent down to Fort Hamilton to *fat* on bread and pork—with soft planks for a bed and icy ground to drill on.

WHAT SORT OF OFFICERS AND MEN.

Among the troops there were the greatest medley ever congregated together in one regiment during the War. For officers we had barbers, tailors, sportsmen, bartenders, politicians, and a *few* gentlemen. For non-commissioned, we had a pretty considerable variety of *decent fellows*—my humble self included—all promised to be made Brigadier Generals or something else before "returning from the wars."

The privates, too, were all promised "roast beef and two dollars a day," plenty of whiskey, "golden Jesuses," pretty Mexican gals, "safe investments, quick returns," and every thing pictured to the fancy.

The privates were generally smart active men, with the exception of about two hundred totally unfit for ser-

vice, or scarcely anything else—a fraud on the War Department and a curse to the officers who enlisted them. But any thing to fill up the ranks, and ho! for Mexico! Even the U. S. Surgeon held no examination as is usual, and so ordered by the War Department; it is true he passed the *line* in company with Col. Bankhead, *eyeing* each man and rejecting a number of boys unable to carry a musket, and a few others who looked the “worse for wear,” but they were soon thrust into line again by our magnanimous officers. Thus was our regiment composed of rejected boys, men who were diseased and broken down, some lame and blind in one eye, others, were sixty-year old *boys*—with many *beautiful* subjects, selected especially “by order” of the commander-in-chief of the First New York Regiment, bound for Mexico, among which were *gentlemen* from the Tombs, ragamuffins from Blackwell’s Island, Alms House, and a sprinkling of “Five Pointers;” and a more rascally, *lousy* set was never thrown among decent men. There is no palliation for the officers, their conduct was outrageous! to place men (of no kind of use except for “turkey buzzards”) without having them cleansed—and their *lousy, filthy, and diseased* rags thrown to the dogs! before putting on new clothes, and allowed to associate with decent men. I say it was outrageous! insulting and degrading to the clean soldier.

The consequence was, that by inattention and indolence on the part of the officers (?) the whole regiment were covered with *vermin* before they left Fort Hamilton, by a few scamps. I shall have more to say about these *live cattle* aboard ship.

COMPOSITION AND BRAVERY.

The New York Regiment consisted of about eight hundred rank and file, three hundred Americans, the balance Dutch, Irish, French, English, Poles, Swedes, Chinese, Indians, &c., there were not one hundred men and officers ever born in the City of New York in the whole regiment. Understand me gentlemen, and kind reader, not one word do I say against the bravery of the New York Volunteers, I have not the least doubt of their whole-souled *genuine* bravery ; I never witnessed men who could stand the "charge" better in my life. I have seen some stand the charge of more than *fifty to one* and scarcely flinch, but, the "charge" was harmless, not Mexican spears—nothing more nor less than the incorrigible *spears* of—*American lice!* However, to be serious, it is said the greatest cowards *will* fight well when they get "cornered" or where there is no backing out.

ANECDOTES.

Notwithstanding all the troubles, vexations and hardships that naturally exist, we saw some happy and *funny* moments, consequent upon green volunteer soldiers—the many jokes, errors and *bulls* that usually occur, which keeps one alive and in tolerable good spirits.

At evening parades the Adjutant, (Forrey, by the way, a fine officer, and what was rare among volunteers, a gentleman,) orders the "first sergeants to the front and centre, march!" he then commands, "report!" when each sergeant, commencing on the right, answer so many sick and absent, or "all present and accounted for." When it came to the turn of an Irishman to report, he *pays* the

salute in great *agony*, and bawls out at the top of his voice, "*awl absent* and accounted for!" The stern face of the Adjutant was so convulsed with laughter that it was with difficulty he could give the order "first sergeants to your post, march!"

HOW THE MEN GOT WHISKEY.

In order to keep up military appearance and to exhibit a little *mushquash* authority, sentinels were posted at all the gates to keep the volunteers, like prisoners, from passing out and in without the "countersign," or an order from his highness "officer of the day!" But it wouldn't do! Soldiers would get out of the Fort *some way*, and how the officers could not tell, they swore, stamped, and looked ten thousand daggers! "*They* would be damned if they would not put on double guard." "Post double guard, sir, and you will find double the men out-siders," says the present most humble servant, Corporal of the Guard. "Blood and zounds! what in hell does all this mean—can we have no authority over the men?" "Yes sir!" I replied, "by taking away your sentinels and treating the soldiers like men, not like prisoners! and my word for it, not one man would leave his quarters where ten do now."

There were different ways and means of quitting the Fort without as much as saying "by your leave sir." The most prominent was, march boldly up to the guard, touch your cap and expose slyly a whiskey bottle; that was sufficient to overcome all obstacles of our warriors, "pass on," all "O. K." So out the soldier goes after his whiskey, returning pays toll by giving the sentinel a *smack* at the welcome *cure-all*.

A MORE GENTEEL WAY.

Or, to be more military and of more consequence, heads up! march boldly to within ten feet of the guard; when he commands a halt, looking as savage as a "Five Point pugilist"—says, "who comes there?" "A friend," is the reply. "Advance friend, and give the countersign." The soldier then advances, and gives the countersign among friends—"whiskey!" "All right! pass on. I say *soger!* come back soon as you can; for I am cold and *infernally dry!*" The kind hearted, but deceived officer, all this time admiring, at a distance, *how strictly military* his sentinel does his *duty*.

"THE BIG SERGEANT."

I do not profess being an adept at relating stories, but the following illustrates the bravery of *one* at any rate. An Irishman, fresh caught, who stood six feet four, stout in proportion, and with abundance of blarney, so delighted our officers that they appointed him sergeant, not for his capabilities, (for he hardly knew how to carry a musket,) but for his *big figure*, &c., he must be appointed over an American born, and whose father was an old revolutionary soldier, and who was the *choice* of the company by twenty-five to seven votes.

The "big sergeant" had but arrived in this country *three* days when he enlisted; he bragged of his being a great soldier in the "ould counthry," and in frequent fights, &c., but finally acknowledged that he was only a guard at some prison in Ireland, and that all the fights he ever had were with the rum bottle for not holding enough, and which often whipped him, so much so, by his own

story, "the directors discharged me," and he was compelled to seek America, "the land of free whiskey and the home of the desolate." Being on a "bit of a spree" one night, with sword all buckled on, and rigged up in his best, our "big sergeant" heard a loud noise, hurraing, &c., which was occasioned by the arrival of the Albany Company, full of fun and war! It being very dark they could scarcely be seen, our hero—the "officer-made-sergeant"—beat a retreat, and came rushing into our quarters, pale as death, exclaiming, "wha-t-s tha-t? thunder and ounces! the Mexicans are coming!" In a few minutes we calmed him by the solemn assurance that they were nothing but "our boys," *real* Americans. Subsequently he turned into his bunk with his sword and equipments all on, ready should the Mexicans make their appearance at Fort Hamilton!

"So endeth the first lesson."

In my next chapter I shall attempt to give an account of a meeting at Centre Hall, Col. Burnett's speech, advising the recruits to go down to Fort Hamilton and live on roast beef, &c., and his speech at Fort Hamilton, delivered in writing in the presence of the battalion, telling how kind the City of New York had been in giving us five thousand dollars for our "comfort," and that we should have *sewed* shoes extra, whiskey, sweetmeats, sugar candy, &c. To conclude with the conclusion and winding up of a number of other chapters of "the same sort."

CHAPTER II.

Recruits at Centre Hall—Col Burnett's Speech—Ho! for Fort Hamilton—The way to Recruit—Sergeants treating the Greenhorns—Corporal of the Guard's arrival at the Fort—Life in the Fort—Whiskey forbidden—Cold Tea, &c.

In the latter part of November, 1846, a portion of the new recruits met "by order" at Centre Hall, where they were formed into line as straight as a crooked stick, when the "dashing white sergeant" gave orders to "dress!" "dress by the right!" "dress back on the left!" "steady in the centre!" "heads up!" "front!" &c., &c., but it was of no use, you might as well straighten the Sea Serpent. Most of them being raw recruits, and some *fresh caught* from the "land of bogs," and of all sizes and sorts. Perhaps they might have been reflecting on that roast beef and "three months advance" at Fort Hamilton, when in came our gallant Colonel, looking like a cropped Canadian pony; three distinct cheers were given—"long live our noble Colonel." "Hurra for roast beef." "Go it Jimmy!" "Down with Santer Ranner," &c., &c. It was several minutes before the Colonel could command silence, when he commenced nearly as follows.

THE SPEECH.

"Fellow soldiers and comrades!" (curious comrades, thinks I, judging from outward appearances,) "we have met for the first time together," (long pause.) "I am glad to see so many fine looking fellows," (three cheers! hurra for Mexico!) "Yes! with such men I am proud

to lead on to Mexico!" (tremendous cheering.) "You shall share with me—my bed shall be your bed—my food, your food"—(gammon!)"—"In the toils and hardships of war, we will all share alike," (three cheers, that's it! that's the way we do it at Five Points! good! go it!) "Now, my brave fellows, I wish all those who have got nothing to eat, nor hole to lay his carcass in—would go to Fort Hamilton, where there's plenty of every thing." (Hurra for that! I'll go!) "I have engaged good quarters, and you can all have good beds, and plenty of roast beef and potatoes." (Nine cheers for that! hurra! hurra! for roast beef and 'taters!) "I now take my most respectful—good night." (Three cheers for Col. Burnett and roast beef! hip! hip! hurra! hurra! hurra! ha! ha!) *By the sergeant*, "attention! company! by the right flank, *left face!*" (Music.) "March!" And away they *do* march, up and down like a sheep's hind leg, is a caution to regulars. Thus ends the first interview.

HO! FOR FORT HAMILTON.

Next morning about two hundred recruits sailed for the Fort in high glee—instead of soft beds they found hard planks, and a thin horse blanket, with a stick of wood for pillow and bolster; and instead of "roast beef and taters," they were glad to get raw pork and hard crackers. O! the horrors of war!—The *mean* and *unmanly deception* of the officers. However, many fared better than they had been in the habit of. They were well aware that there were no accommodations provided for them; and to send men in the cold of winter, was inhuman, to say the least of it.

THE WAY TO RECRUIT.

Time passed on, and recruiting went on—"come, my dear fellow, won't you *list*? glorious times! roast beef, ice creams, and three months' advance! You can leave your dear wife and children behind with plenty of money and draw part of your pay in your absence. Glorious times! Come take something to drink with me—here's a health to old Zack! Glorious times! plenty to eat and drink—and if you are a pretty good fellow, we'll make a *sergeant* of you. Nothing so happy as a soldier's life—music all day—*no work*—only a *little* drill now and then—that's fun! Come my boy! let's take another glass, and I'll show you our rendezvous. Fine officers—real gentlemen! All we have got to do is—have a fine sea voyage to Vera Cruz, (Uncle Sam pays our passage,) bombard the City—*swallow* the Castle—and come home again with plenty of gold in our pockets and lots of glory in our bones!" And so the days would move on, the Sergeant "treating" the *green 'uns*, bringing them to the rendezvous for exhibition to the worthy Captain or Lieutenant, who would "treat" again, and tell the poor fellow all about the *glory and money* he would naturally receive from his good appearance, &c., how good and kind they would be, and in case of sickness it cost *him* nothing, and they would *stick* by him—roast beef and sweet potatoes were nothing to be compared to their promises—every man, too, should be "made a Sergeant or Corporal" and perhaps a Lieutenant should any of them be so lucky as to "shuffle off this mortal coil." (Pity some did'nt before they left the Fort, for the benefit of the rising generation.)

“CORPORAL OF THE GUARD’S” ARRIVAL AT FORT HAMILTON.

December third another *batch* of “sogers” was sent to the Fort, but quite a different *lot* from those who went previous; among the “batch” was the “Corporal of the Guard” and other distinguished and notorious gentlemen. We found any thing else but what had been represented to us by the officers.

LIFE IN THE FORT.

We found cold weather, good hard floors and a very *light* apology for a blanket, we began to think that the “horrors of war” had come in reality, leaving a luxurious home and a *good bed*, to sleep on a *hard plank*, was not so very agreeable as most people imagine.

We cursed—we swore!

We ripped and tore!!

One fine chap said “he didn’t want to go any further, he had got enough of the War for the last twenty-four hours,” and left for the City in double-quick time; he was subsequently caught, brought back, and the poor fellow’s bones are now bleaching on the heights of Cerro Gordo! After *strong talk*, spiced with threats of leaving the officers “alone in their glory,” we made a raise of fresh beef and bread—’taters were scarce, for some reason they *dare* not appear in sight of the enemy. “Refreshments” such as whiskey, &c., had to be smuggled in from a small grocery near the “outward walls” of the Fort; ardent spirits were forbidden to be brought in, yet the grandiloquent officers, superior in *flesh, mind* and *soul*, could *soak* till some were unfit to appear on parade! But there were various ways to avoid detection by the

officers, and it did not take much wit or talent to deceive them. Whiskey would get in some way, in spite of all the orders they might issue. It was not that the officers had any particular regard for our souls, or any particular objection to our taking a drop now and then, but to beat them in drinking, (which was hard to do,) they did not relish at all. Then again there might not be enough left for their *rummy heads*.

THE "CORPORAL" GOING AFTER COLD TEA.

One morning very early, it being my *turn* to go after *bitters*, I approached the grocery with all the dignity of one who feels the importance and responsibility of his situation! and not expecting to meet any one so early—I was somewhat surprised to behold a half-a-dozen *big and little* Lieutenants, with their eyes half open, rapping at the grocery for the boy to "arise and come forth!" for they "were dry and thirsty" and wanted drink! As I appeared in front of the thirsty tribe of warriors—for there was no backing out or *chapperal* to hide in—I hastily touched my cap, when one of the smartest in the crowd observed, "well, Corporal, what do you want at this time in the morning?" I replied, "a little *tea*, sir." "O you rascal, a little *cold tea*!" said another bright one, whose head looked as if it had caught cold last night sleeping side of a brandy cask. Moreover nevertheless, the boy arose, came forth gaping like a *sick child*—in short, we all got our *tea* and *vamosed*.

"Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Fond *whiskey* brings back the feeling."

DRUMMING.

At daylight (tattoo) we were drummed up, at seven drummed to the "doctor's," at nine drummed to "mount guard," at ten drummed to morning parade and drill, at twelve drummed to dinner, at two drummed to company drills, at four drummed to evening parade, &c., at eight drummed to bed, and its nothing but drum, drum—all night dreaming about "right face!" "front face!" "shoulder arms!" "charge bayonets!" and—salt pork.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."

ANOTHER WAY OF RECRUITING—NOT SPOKEN OF IN MODERN
OR ANCIENT HISTORY.

Another way of recruiting, never before "written in the bills," and showing great Yankee ingenuity, was to publish an advertisement for "Mechanics and Laborers to go South—good wages, and passage free," which brought large numbers to the rendezvous; many were *caught* and deluded by the thrilling and splendid account of a glorious campaign, promising three months extra pay and a *bran* new suit of clothes; after treating, &c., the poor fellow was induced to sign the muster roll, and politely invited to take a ride to Fort Hamilton to receive the *hospitalities* of that great and glorious institution, for the cultivation of *vermin* and manufacturing of great men!

CHAPTER III.

A Muss—Six Months' Clothing—New Toggery—Col. Burnett's Speech to the Battalion—Ditto to the Albany Company—Twenty-one Dollars—The Corporation—Horrors of the War, &c.

A CUT UNDER THE FIFTH RIB.

After arriving at the Fort, it was very difficult to ever return, you were treated *so very politely*; and the recruit finds that he has been most, egregiously mistaken or hoaxed, that he has "barked up the wrong tree," is "done for," "used up," and very liable to get "into a muss" if he dares to say a word, or even ask Col. Burnett for a *few cents* for his suffering family, or for a small portion of that "five thousand dollars" the City gave for the "aid and comfort" of the poor soldier, which the "Corporal of the Guard" will have something very particular to say on the subject, which may cause an irruption of Mount Burnett.

* * * "Would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean—
Enough to stifle such a hypocrite up."

SIX MONTHS' CLOTHING.

On the 16th of December, 1846, nearly all the troops were mustered into the service—our military *toggery* delivered to the men, and the way the old clothes were dragged about the parade ground by the *fellow animals*, which had so long kept company near the body, (and much nearer the heart than many women ever get,) was a caution to any thing in the *bug line*. Many were the jokes cracked at our *new* appearance, some of whom had

scarcely ever felt the sensation of "military toggerly" or a new suit of clothes, and appeared quite at a loss to know how to walk or march! But the way our young and magnanimous officers, and our glorious, great and splendid corps of "non com's" (the *brave* "Corporal" among the number) *did* walk over the *course* was a sin to Gen. Bombastes—saluting each other as they passed and re-passed—swords dangling by their sides—all looking savage as an old war-horse! Eyes flashing! and thinking and dreaming of unutterable things and doings.

"Here comes my mortal enemy,
Either he must fall in fight—or I!"

COL. BURNETT'S SPEECH, (IN PART,)

Delivered before the New York Battalion at Fort Hamilton, December, 1848, in presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen (the "latest news never before published,") on the "five thousand dollars appropriation."

"Fellow soldiers! It gives me pleasure to meet you here to-day. Your noble bearing, good conduct and appearance, satisfy me that your Colonel will have reason to be proud of you. The City Councils of New York have made an appropriation for *your* benefit," (what's become of it?) "by which I shall be enabled to give you many necessities, and comforts in case of sickness. You shall also have new shoes! not Government *pegged* shoes, but real *sewed* shoes, India rubber tent cloths," &c., &c., and other things too tedious to mention.—
"Fellow soldiers! you ought to thank the City Corporation for their liberal donation." The "soldiers" *do* thank

the Corporation, and the "soldiers" would "thank" Col. Burnett to deliver over a part of the *plunder*. As most of your brave and deluded men have perished under your command, and cannot receive the "comforts" you promised, (if they had many might have now been among the living,) I would suggest that the amount be given to the widows and orphans of the poor soldiers who have lost their lives during the War in Mexico; by so doing, you may retrieve some of your lost character for honor and honesty. To charge you with cowardice I do not—but I charge you with cheating, swindling and deceiving the poor soldier of his rights!

TWENTY-ONE DOLLARS! TWENTY-ONE DOLLARS!

The men who have been fortunate enough to live, have not forgot the inducement of "twenty-one dollars" by reason of which they enlisted—many, for the purpose of leaving a *mite* at home for their suffering families, in the dead of winter. Here let me charge you, and perhaps a few others, of *direct* or *indirect* ruin and the breaking up of many interesting families, by deception! fraud! and the keeping of monies for your own *private* ends and *speculation*, given by the liberal, honorable, and whole-souled, heart-felt Corporation of the City of New York, for the aid and comfort of those *poor men* who volunteered to fight and die for them and their constituents. I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with any member of the Corporation, but I believe their intentions were *good*, that they have been deceived, and that they are satisfied with the deception imposed upon them, so much so, that their last appropriations,

God bless them, have been made so that *they* knew the "soldier" got *his rights*, and not to another person for selfish purposes, who perhaps if he had the management the "medals" might have been scarce of silver!

Little did he think—

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent 'em!"

COL. BURNETT'S SPEECH TO THE ALBANY COMPANY.

A fine company of men, under command of the gallant and much lamented Capt. Van Olinda, arrived at the Fort about the tenth of December, under the impression that they were to be treated like freemen and not like slaves, and learning that there was some doubt about receiving the long promised "twenty-one dollars" or three months extra pay in advance, they *kicked*, refused to do duty, and swore to return unless they were honorably dealt by; Captain Van Olinda was not in the least to blame, and used all his exertions to satisfy the men, when our lord and honorable Colonel steps in front of the Company and addresses them thus—"My dear fellows I have been disappointed; the funds which were expected to assist the poor soldier, and which they must naturally stand so much in need of—has not arrived, but you shall receive your pay as promised—if I pay it out of my own pocket. I pledge you my *honor*." (Precious *honor* it has proved.) "So I beg you will return to your duty like men; and follow me to the bloody battle-field, and return with all the honors of war!" (Some cheering and hissing) They did return indeed! Out of one hundred men that he addressed, about *sixteen* returned!

and the wives, sisters, mothers and fathers of many of those brave men, are now weeping and suffering from the loss of their friends and relations.

Ye Gods ! Colonel ! if you have one spark of human feeling, you *must weep* ! Your sleepless nights must be painful indeed—to dream of those *bones* you have left on the field of battle, unknown and uncared for, or you must have a heart of adamant ! I leave you to your own reflections—and when you die, *even* should it be on the gallows, “may God Almighty have mercy on your soul ;” for precious *little* mercy will those have who lost friends by *accessory deeds* of indirect, if not positive manslaughter and murder ! Oh ! my dear Sir, you need not tremble ! I could wish no greater punishment, than you to hear the *curses* of the living, or the imaginations of your mind, of those whom you have been the cause of destruction, and almost the *entire* ruin of the whole New-York Regiment, which, I hope, will give you “glory enough for one day !”

“If there’s vengeance in an injured heart,
And power to wreak it in an armed hand,
Your hearts shall ache for it.”

CHAPTER IV.

Black Slave vs. White Slave—The difference in mortality between the officers and men—Tyranny—Inhumanity—Fraud—Privates as good as anybody, &c., &c.—With a touch of the Poetical.

FALSE INDUCEMENTS.

If it is cruel to *drag* black men from their homes, how much more cruel it is to drag white men from their homes under *false* inducements, and compelling them to leave their wives and children, without leaving a *cent* or any protection, in the coldest season of the year, to die in a foreign and sickly climate ! “ But,” says the reader, “ why did they enlist, and leave their families in distress ? ” The answer is, many enlisted for the *sake* of their families, having no employment, and having been offered “ three month’s advance,” and were promised that they could leave part of their pay for their families to draw in their absence. They, poor duped men, but with patriotic and noble feelings toward their wives and children, sacrificed every thing for the *sole* purpose of their support. Thus, it will be seen that the non-commissioned officers and privates have been cheated, swindled, and their families left destitute, by rascally promises and deception ! I boldly pronounce, that the whole Regiment was got up by fraud—a fraud on the soldier, a fraud on the City of New-York, and a fraud on the Government of the United States—and Col. Ward B. Burnett and his *gang* can make the most of it.

THE DIFFERENCE IN MORTALITY.

It appears not twenty in one hundred men that *originally* went out with the New-York Regiment ever returned, as four out of five either died or were killed ; and of the officers, not one in eight were killed or died, or at the rate of one hundred officers over eighty returned, when of the men, but twenty returned !

Why this tremendous difference in mortality ! Why should *men* die or be killed more than the *officers* ? Were not the officers as brave as the men ? They *brag* of their *bravery* and *sufferings* ! There is a *very* good reason *why* the officers suffered with so little loss, in comparison with the rank and file. The officers were taken better care of, (or took better care of themselves, for they could form an *excuse* of sickness previous to a battle, but the *sick man* must go *anyhow* ;) and he had more assistance, *nourishment*, and attendance, when sick, than the poor private, who was his *equal*, and in many cases, his superior. He was often left with an *ignorant* and *tyranical* doctor, not fit to butcher dogs, or, to the tender mercies of the traiterous Mexican. Does this prove that the officers suffered *with* the men ? And, one would think, from the many valorous letters written home by the officers, they had done *all* the fighting, *all* the work, and received all the wounds and sufferings, (they received all the pay, I admit,) but, let me tell them, there *were men* in the ranks of the volunteers superior in drill, in intellect, and with *higher* notions of *honor* and *honesty* ! who had families and relatives at home where many of the officers would hardly be allowed to eat a meal of victuals in their *kitchens*.

“ I AM A MAN, AND LIVE ! ”

Such was *one-half* the abuse and treatment received by the men, many of whom, I believe, were indirectly murdered by bad treatment, and the inhumanity of their officers ! I do not charge all, God knows—there were a few officers that had a spark of feeling left, but they were scarce.

God has given as free and noble a soul to the private as to the officer ; but, envy and scorn are too often his portion—*they* do not like to see themselves outstripped by one whom they consider no better than themselves, and instead of encouraging, they dampen his ardor with sneers and cold looks, and fill his heart with grief.

“ Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,
When heaven set men above them ; but no mark
Definite and indelible, it put
Upon one man to mark another,
That he should live his slave. O heavy curse !
To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,
Passions and conscience like another man,
And not have equal liberty to use them.”

Oh ! if a few of my unfortunate comrades could have but returned—and exclaimed—

“ I am a man, and live ! ”

they would have given all the world for one *deep damning look* at their officers, and die with *pleasure* !

CHAPTER V.

Trouble in camp—Non-Commissioned Officers holding private meetings—The Colonel's veto on it—Arrest of Sergeant O'Reily—Strong talk of "a muss"—A little more about the "twenty-one dollars"—The "five thousand dollars"—Capt. Shaw—Two ships in sight—"A muss"—Lieut. Col. Baxter—Col. Burnett, with respects.

INSUBORDINATION.

A few days previous to our departure to the land of *death* and *slaughter*, the troops became dissatisfied in regard to their treatment, and showed strong symptoms of insubordination, desertion, &c. The "non com.'s" held private meetings for the purpose of making a *stand*, unless the "three month's extra pay" was forthcoming, or, before leaving our christian soil; in consequence, the *noble* and *honest* Colonel, (who had so much *kind* feeling for the welfare of the soldier,) gave orders that no more meetings should be held, under the penalty of his *castigation*—nor should more than two "non com.'s" be seen together at one and the same time. The men became more and more dissatisfied. Mothers, wives, and suffering children—crying for money to buy *bread*, which they were expecting to receive from the *promised* "three month's pay." Sergt. O'Reily was arrested, and a few privates put under guard; but it was of no use,—the men were bound to have "a muss," and would have had one if it were not for a few accidents that occurred. The "three month's extra" was continued to be thrust

down their *throats*, and Sergt. O'Reily, (since been made Sergt. Major,) was reduced to "high private," and ordered to leave the fort in one hour !

THE "FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Another difficulty—the men were not satisfied in regard to the appropriation by the City of five thousand dollars for the "aid and comfort" of the "non com.'s" and privates, and a number met, chose a select committee, who waited upon Col. Burnett, politely enquiring when we were to receive our share or benefit from the "appropriation," as many were about to leave families in the rear who needed assistance. The reply was "that we need not trouble ourselves about our families, that they would be taken care of," and ordered us to our quarters, giving no satisfaction whatever. A few moments had hardly expired when the committee were ordered under arrest for *daring* to approach his *dignity* and *self-consequence* ! Capt. Shaw, (Pashaw ! it should be,) made himself conspicuous (when there was *no* enemy in front) at the Fort—went to Mexico—returned—and eternally *damned* his tyrannical idea of military power !—"he fought, *died* ! *bled* and" *literally* "ran away." In peace, he was the *bravest* man in the regiment—in war, he was the *biggest* coward !

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold yeomanry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

TWO SHIPS IN SIGHT.

Now "comes the tug of war." Two ships were in

sight, said to have been sent down in a hurry in order to put the refractory aboard. The following day five companies, A, C, D, E and G were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to "board ship." "Such a row, such a rumpus" you never *did* see!

"A MUSS."

The men raved and swore they were "cheated," "deceived," "swindled!" and that they never would go aboard with a "*whole s'in*" on, "traitors in the camp!" no "money!" no "extra pay," no chance of bidding "FAREWELL" to families and friends! but *drove* on board-a-ship like *slaves*! "Who cares?" thinks the officers, "we can bid our wives and children *good bye*! only get the poor devil of a private aboard, all will be *safe*." But revenge! the men swore sooner or later; but, alas! but *few* returned! and those few who have returned are broken down in spirits and health; some to learn the loss of their wives, while some have either died, run away, or have been *seduced* by the very *friends* who promised protection! O! sad, sad indeed, has been the *fate* of the poor soldier! Many silent curses have rent the air, and more will yet, should life hold out its glimmering light. Many a father and mother have been deprived of a son who might have lived had they the proper care taken of them, and by those fathers and mothers could they have obtained *double pay* for all expense and trouble. But "who cares?" When sick they are of no more *use* to the army. "God bless 'em, let 'em die." But thank the good God! they are *marked*—their characters are written in heaven! They are *loathed* and

miserable on this earth! and I leave the Devil to take care of them in the next.

I will now digress, and ask my friends to wait 'till I get aboard ship—in the mean time, I will introduce a few remarks which may not be out of place or uninteresting, on the brave and much lamented Lieut. Col. Charles Baxter.

DRILLING OFFICERS AT THE FORT.

It was much to be regretted that we had so little *drilling* at Fort Hamilton, previous to our departure for Mexico, for most of the officers required it as well as the men; instead of drinking, carousing, and visiting New-York for the purpose of *show*, &c., it would have been of much more service and honor to the regiment, to have *drilled first* the officers, then they could obtain some knowledge, in order to drill and instruct the privates. There were a few officers who did not entirely neglect their duties, and who appeared to have taken some pride in giving instruction to the raw recruits. Among them, as near as I can recollect, were Lieut. Col. Baxter, Capt. Van Olinda, Lieut's Boyle, McCabe, Sweeny, Floyd, Sergeants Carpenter, Lombard, Young, Hart, &c., who were industrious in all *things*, until they almost became disgusted with their brother officers, for inattention or want of activity and interest in the welfare of the regiment. Some were, perhaps, excusable on account of their ignorance; therefore, out of charity, I will not mention *their* names.

A FAINT EULOGY ON LIEUT. COL. CHARLES BAXTER.

About two hundred men were marched to New-York,

commanded by Col. Baxter, for the purpose of exhibiting ourselves, &c.; and we learned more *drilling* under "Baxter" in three days, two hours at a time, than we learned the whole six weeks we were at Fort Hamilton. Col. Charles Baxter was a gentleman and a soldier in every sense of the word. He had no superior in drill—he was stern and commanding, yet mild and persuasive. Men thought it a *favor* and a *pleasure* to be under his instruction. The drill, for the purpose of visiting New-York, was considered "extra," and none were ordered or compelled to be present; yet upwards of two hundred volunteered, on hearing that Baxter was to drill them—and it has been said, that veterans never marched better than we did on the occasion of our visiting the city. Col. Baxter complimented, and appeared proud of us, as well he might, for *we* felt proud of *him*. Often times have I heard the men say, "I wish Baxter was our colonel," or "at the head of the regiment." The men loved him, and would have followed or gone anywhere he commanded. And often, on parade, like an impatient war-horse, have I seen him *bite* his lips and bend his sword, with inward excitement, and to appearance, disgust, at the many errors of Col. Burnett and subordinates.

In battle, Col. Baxter was calm, bold, and daring, without being reckless—foreseeing, and coolly observing every obstacle, looking well for the protection of his men before *self*.

Oh! had we but him for our first colonel! how many of the New-York Regiment *might* now have been enjoying the fire-sides of their homes, and among friends dear to them as the greatest lord in creation, instead of

their *bones bleaching* on the battle field ! The writer of this *faint* praise, had no personal acquaintance with Col. Baxter, nor had he ever ten minutes conversation with him in military affairs, the remarks are made from personal observation and duty to a brave, chivalrous, and high-minded soldier !

Peace to his ashes !—Honor to the men who composed the Baxter Blues ! may they ever retain their glorious name for ages to come !

THE DEATH OF COLONEL BAXTER AT THE BATTLE OF
CHAPULTEPEC

“ ’Twas then brave Baxter from the walls surveyed,
Wide o’er the fields the hostile bands arrayed :
‘ O, heaven !’ he cried, ‘ my bleeding country save !
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains—
Rise ! fellow-men !—our country yet remains !
By that dear name, we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !’
He said—and on the rampart height arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed :
In vain, alas ! in vain ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volley thundering flew,
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time !”

CHAPTER VI.

Or an Extra Chapter by the way of an Anchovy, before we go to Sea.

WHO GOT THAT MONEY ?

There has been considerable excitement and difficulty in ascertaining what has become of the money appropriated by the City Council, and by citizens, for the benefit of the New York Volunteers, and handed over to Col. Ward B. Burnett ; he has never as yet given any *satisfaction* to the public. A few who have a *right* to know—a friend of mine gave a handsome sum, and he says he is informed that it went “for the benefit of the New York Volunteers, for comforts,” &c. I think that I can enlighten many who are in the *dark*, though it should happen to make his highness, the great and living Colonel, a little *riley*: not being under the tyrannical power of *any* officer, I may *dare* to speak, and I intend to speak and write what I think, and what a few richly deserve—that it may hereafter be a warning to treat *men* like *men*—not like common slaves—and that there may be as good men in the ranks as any who ever wore a gold epaulet. I promised men on their dying beds “I *would* do it,” and as Gen. Shields says, “I believe my life was preserved for some good” It was formerly a frequent remark “who struck Billy Patterson?” at present its “who got that money?” I can tell where a *small* part of it went, and perhaps Col. Burnett and his officers can tell what became of the *larger* part?

THE "CORPORAL OF THE GUARD'S" STORY ABOUT THE FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS.

It is well known that the City authorities made first an appropriation of one thousand dollars, to aid the New York Volunteers in recruiting men, &c., for the First Regiment, Col. Burnett, for Mexico; of which one thousand dollars each Captain received fifty dollars for "pocket money," or as Col. B. expresses it, "for the purposes of defraying expenses," such as rooms, lights, &c., (precious little of it ever went into "rooms" except what went in bottles,) which makes five hundred of the appropriation. The other five hundred we will give to Col. Burnett and staff, of course they want "a little pocket money" for champaign, suppers, &c. Calling myself a liberal man I allow these *items* cheerfully, for the purpose of defraying *necessary* expenses. Well, one thousand dollars are *honorably* accounted for.

DITTO ABOUT THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Now for the five thousand dollars appropriated by the City Councils "to aid in furnishing clothing and *comforts* for the *non-commissioned* officers and *privates*." Mark ye! "For the 'non com.'s' and *privates*." Before I get through I will tell you all about the "comforts," and what "comforts" the soldiers received out of the five thousand dollars fund. Col. Burnett attempts to give an account of the disbursement of the five thousand, (without any vouchers,) in the *Courier and Enquirer* of about January tenth, 1847.

I am sorry that I am unable to quote his statement at present; but I distinctly recollect that the statement was

blinded and *untrue*, and so most of the men declared at the time, and with the utmost disgust at his deception and treatment.

Col. B.'s statement in the *Courier and Enquirer*, I think, was one thousand dollars for his officers to purchase swords, *ornaments*, &c., for the *dear creatures*, which, by the by, I understand, have never been entirely paid for—and that an agent was sent out to Vera Cruz with a bill for these *very* identical swords, jewelry, &c., which the great financier put in against the five thousand dollar appropriation, for the “*comforts*” of the “non com.’s and privates.” Is it true, or is it not, my dear colonel? If I am wrong, I acknowledge the *corn*.

“CLOTHING AND COMFORTS.”

Well, gentlemen, now there is a balance of five thousand dollars for “clothing and comforts” for the poor soldier. I make for eight hundred men for clothing at twenty-one dollars each, one thousand, six hundred and eighty dollars, which we worked for, and which we are entitled to by law from “Uncle Sam,” as six month’s advanced clothing. Among the “comforts,” was about (to be very liberal,) four hundred government *pegged*, and one hundred sewed shoes, amounting to about six hundred and twenty-five dollars received, including all the “comforts,” (whiskey always excepted, and precious little of that,) leaving a balance of one thousand six hundred and ninety-five dollars for *extra* “comforts,” which I leave with the colonel to explain at some future period.

One thousand dollars, he says, he paid for recruiting

services. If he did, there are many bills which never have been paid; and he has applied at some of the old rendezvous for their bills—"that he could procure the money at Washington." At one rendezvous I called at, they refused to give any information, saying, that they were friends of Col. Burnett. This plainly showed that there was something "rotten in Denmark;" for, if they were "friends," and all things "O. K.," they would most certainly have been happy and willing to vindicate Col. Burnett's character, when I charged him with using the soldier's money for his own private purposes.

MORE MONEY UNACCOUNTED FOR.

Then comes more money from private subscription, by the citizens of New-York, amounting to the snug little sum of eight hundred seventy-three dollars and seventy-five cents. "Who got that money?" The deponent saith not. Probably, it went the same *road* that all the rest of the funds went—for "comforts."

Now, it appears that the whole amount received from the city authorities and citizens, amounts to the grand total of six thousand eight hundred and seventy-three dollars and seventy-five cents. The non-commissioned officers and privates receiving out of this sum, two thousand three hundred and five dollars, a part of which was due from government for the "sixth month's clothing," amonnting to one thousand six hundred and eighty dollars, leaving for "comforts," six hundred and twenty-five dollars, which is *every* cent that was ever received by the "non com.'s and privates." Yet, we are told that this money was given for their benefit, leaving the enormous

sum of six thousand two hundred and forty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents in the hands of Col. Ward B. Burnett, most of which is unaccounted for satisfactory to *me*, or a majority of the regiment. I do not say that Col. Burnett "has got that money"—but, this *I do say*, that the non-commissioned officers and privates *have not got it*. The Colonel has, or, is about to make a settlement with the War Department, in which all his claims in getting the New-York Regiment have, or are to be allowed, exclusive of the *sum* received from the Corporation and patriotic citizens of New-York.

This paying a man twice for getting up a regiment of soldiers, and *cheat* the men "into the bargain," is what I should call playing a *pretty strong game*—and pocketing the largest part at that—is *doing* it up *scientifically*. However, we are a "progressive people," and growing *smarter*, if *not* more *honest every day*. Amen!—"Commo lo passa usted?"

The end of the sixth lesson.

CHAPTER VII.

Leaving Fort Hamilton—Considerable talk about it—Some objection about going without the “three months extra”—Prospect of a Muss—The plot thickens—Danger—Ship Catherine and bark Isabella ready for Companies A, C, D, E and G—Big talk about not leaving—Swearing, cursing and using profane language to excess—Officers threaten to bring “regulars” from Governor’s Island to quell the “volunteer spirit”—Great danger in case they did—More coaxing and promises—Officers smelling the “non com.’s” breath—Jugs of rum—Highway robbery aboard steamboat—“All aboard don’t go?”—To conclude with the conclusion at Fort Hamilton, and a great variety useless to mention here.

LEAVING FORT HAMILTON.

Five companies, A, C, D, E and G, having been notified to leave Fort Hamilton in *double-quick time*, in order to fill up the *holes* on board the ship Catherine and bark Isabella, then and there lying off the above said Fort, in the Bay of New-York, bound for Mexico!

The men, somewhat taken by surprise, knew no bounds to their exclamations and threats; but they were *doomed* to be *cheated*, *wheedled*, and *coaxed*, and “promises” of pay when aboard ship; they *doggedly* marched—no! walked on board of a small steamer, to transport us to the vessels which lay off at anchor. Some tried to escape, but were “caught in the *act*,” and *drove* on board the steamer at the sword’s point, it being the first *brave* action I noticed, previous to leaving the fort, which gave a *peculiar* sensation to the “Corporal of the Guard”—a *kind of terror* of which was to *come*, and which *did*

come—and he has never got over his “peculiar sensation” yet. All *safe* on board, the first work to be done, was, to seek *plunder*, which the soldiers soon found, evidently, to their joy, and to the satisfaction of all on board, except the agents, proprietors, and dealers in the rum line. A sort of bar, with a few jugs of whisky in it was *scented* out—though *locked* up from the “kidnappers”—the men soon found their way into the bar and among the *decanters and jugs*, and the *way* they run was a caution to “*Santer Ranner*” at Cerro Gordo ! The would-be-smart-officers attempted to catch the b-hoys, but they could’nt *come it*. They even went to the self-degradation to *smell* the “non com.’s” breath, whether for the purpose of detection, or to get a *suck* at the *bung-hole*, is left for them to decide.

The officers seemed to think that, every time a private blew his nose, the “non com.’s” must report the *fact* to their dignities, as if they were to be made the stool-pigeons of every loafing officer, who wishes to find fault with every *trifling* thing which may occur—“too green by half.”

After “kidnapping” the five companies and getting them safe and sound on board the ship, they supposed all was as it should be ; but, to my mind, things looked *rather* doubtful about their *stopping* upon the ship *Catherine*, at least, for the men were in a complete state of *mutiny*—with prospects of a “muss”—so much so, that no officer *dare* go between decks—all that was wanting was a “leader,” a resolute man to “go ahead.” The

men were ready and willing to *assist* in returning the ship to the dock from whence she came, or to some place of safety in the New-York harbor—passing Fort Hamilton with flying colors, and cheers to the poor devils left behind.

It was even suggested to throw the officers over-board, unless they conducted themselves with a little more propriety. Such hooting, hissing, and hallooing, I never heard before—imitations of wild beasts and domestic animals—cursing the officers, fighting and screaming, as if all bedlam had been let loose ! No wonder the officers had, for the first time, felt a *little* fright ! The hatches were fastened down for the night, and none allowed to go on deck,—a horrible night to me, and one which I shall never forget. I felt satisfied with the war, and would have been willing to quit the “first boat,” could I have *gotten* an opportunity. I was robbed of knife, comb, pencil, &c., &c., and *threatened* to be, (it matters not what,) unless I kept my “jaws shut up.”

SUTLERS GREAT PICKPOCKETS—COPERAL OF THE GUARD, &c.

Morning came, and with it came sour faces, black eyes, and bloody bosoms,—hard looks, and revengeful countenances—but, all was calm, as after a severe storm. Some were occupied in washing their faces, others talking in groups, while many stood moody and alone—some looking with a wishful eye towards the shore, and some sat in different parts of the deck engaged at the *beautiful* occupation of picking *lice* from their persons ! Many a

poor *body-companion* was sent into the mighty deep that morning, never to rise again “into this breathing world,” full of milk, honey, and trouble. Thus, we were situated the second day, (January 4th, 1847,) on board the ship Catharine, Capt. Herbert, with companies C, D, and E; Capt. Barclay, Capt. Taylor, and Capt. Pierson, the former and latter died in Mexico. Major Burnham, with Adg’t Forrey, were in command of the battalion,—and, together were two or three of those *leeches*, called sutlers; greater pickpockets never existed than these sutlers, generally. The poor soldier is actually *robbed* of one half of his pay by these *leeches*, who charge about five hundred per cent for everything they sell. For instance, one dollar a pound for tobacco, worth fifteen or twenty cents, and other things in proportion. I paid one dollar and fifty cents for a bottle of claret wine, worth twenty cents. It has been said that the Colonel was interested with the sutlers—if so, he indirectly robbed the soldier, and it seems, in more ways than one, which I shall attempt to prove before I get through with my history.

The “Corporal of the Guard” had the *distinguished honor* of being one of the party on board of the ship Catharine; he was one among them who naturally felt dissatisfied, and with some very good reasons, though not in the “plot.” He knew very well what was going on, and, of course, remained neutral. One thing was *certain*, the “Corporal” was determined not to *blow*.

I was promised, most solemnly, (after assisting in getting the men on board of the ship,) the privilege of visit-

ing New-York, which I never enjoyed while at the Fort, but attended to my duties faithfully—besides acting Commissary, Corporal, Sergeant, Captain's Clerk, and Captain in command, and marched the company on parade more than all the officers together—after having been so industrious, I thought certainly I was entitled to twenty-four hours in New-York, to bid my family and friends farewell, and to get my clothing which was left behind, to the amount of fifty dollars, all of which have been lost. Thus, I was disappointed and most *rascally cheated*. I took the officers to be gentlemen and men of *honor*, yet, "honor" was the last thing that ever entered their thick skulls.

When I found that I was so deceived and *kidnapped*, I felt disheartened and discouraged, and never afterwards could do duty with *pleasure*. And I have often times since *baulked* them in drill, when they supposed that I was ignorant, though I had previously commanded a company, yet I have forgotten more than one half of them ever *knew*, or ever will *know*!

SWORN ENEMY TO TYRANTS—OFFICERS GOT SOAKED.

The treatment given me, proved in part, the loss of a dear wife, leaving three *unprotected* children! And I am not the only one that has suffered by their dishonesty and inhuman conduct. They may *laugh* in *derision*—but *they* know what I write is too *true*—and they were in hopes that I would never return to expose them to the world. I have sworn to expose every *tyrant*, and I am

bound to do it by the dying breath of my comrades, though it cost me my life!

I am a sworn *enemy* to *tyranny* in *every shape* and *condition*, rich or poor, high or low! The only reason that I did not before give them a *dose* of *ipicac*, was, I did not wish to take advantage of any one during absence from home, and especially in an enemy's country.

I am one of those men who can "forget and forgive;" and, like an Indian, can recollect an injury or a kindness. Men who have power should *reflect* that they themselves may be under *power*, and to treat their fellow *brothers*, with at least, common respect. I *hate* the *false* and foolish tyranny one man, when in power, *uses* over another—taking advantage of his circumstances, and by those very persons who *profess* to be his *best* friends, are often proved to be his *worst* enemies!

The *greatest* professional democrat is oftentimes the *greatest* aristocrat.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fish and Fowl—Rev. Mr. Gallagher—Bibles thrown away—Christain friends—Prayers and promises.

OFFICERS "SOAKED."

It appears after the first five companies had left, the remaining five, B, F, H, I, and K, either more brave or more resolute, or, that the Colonel thought it more prudent to advance them a small sum—thus making fish out of one part and flesh out of the other ;—we heard of it, and well recollect the indignation felt at the time.

The men continued to show dissatisfaction, so much so, that, for the safety of the ship or the men, the Captain "hove" anchor and put down the bay, while most of our officers went to New-York, for purposes best known to themselves. When they returned to the ship, they appeared to have been *wet inside*—nearing the vessel, their boat capsized and wet the *dear* creatures *outside*—so, taking it altogether, they were, what is called, pretty well *soaked*. However, we got them safe on board more *sober* than when they left New-York.

One or two days previous to sailing, orders were given to *rig* ourselves in our best *toggery*, that Gen. Gaines was expected to pay us a visit, &c. But, who should come but the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, with a *lot* of bibles and tracts, —though all very good in their way, and at a proper

time,—but you might as well “throw physic to the dogs,” as to give a bible to a soldier going to war. I never saw but one man read them, and he was *crazy*;—men only *abuse* and commit *sacrilege* at such times—for I pledge my honor, many were thrown *over-board*—others used for *waste* paper—the ballance were left upon the sand-hills of Vera Cruz, as it was impossible to carry them on a *tramp*, besides thousands of dollars worth of clothing that were thrown away. If, instead of bibles and tracts, the *good people* who so much desired the welfare of the men’s *souls*, should have sent something for their *bodies*, many a life might have been saved, and, perhaps, many a widow and orphan would now have prayed and blessed them. *Substantials* and *nourishment* was that which was most wanting, and for which the soldiers *most suffered*. Three cents worth of *nourishment* might have saved a life!—or, the cost of a bible, *laid* out for the same purpose, would, perhaps, have saved *many* lives!

Learning there had been a *mutiny* on board, it is supposed that the Rev. Mr. Gallagher was sent down the bay to allay and endeavor to soothe the excitement, as he had been once a soldier himself. If he ever *had* been a soldier, he must certainly have known that *prayers* could not *heal* the sick, nor give them their “three month’s extra pay,” which they stood so much in need of for their distressed families. I like to hear prayers and speeches, and to see promises carried into *practice*. I suggested to the Reverend gentleman, after he had got

through with his *gratuitous* advice and prayer, the necessity of endeavoring to assist the soldier's family during their absence, which, to my *certain* knowledge, many were suffering, and which was the cause of the "mutiny" on board of the ship. He asked me to procure the names and residences of all those who had families, which I did, and he promised *his word* to see them protected! They were *protected*, "as vultures protect the lamb—*covering* and *devouring* them!"

Since my return, I have enquired of several individuals knowing the destitute condition of many families which were left uncared for, and I cannot find any among them that were assisted by the Reverend Mr. Gallagher or his *christian friends*! I do not wish to ridicule "religion," for I am fond of it,—but, I want that which is *pure*, *honest*, and *undefiled*,—no hypocrisy or false pretensions, —no mockery or *mealy-mouthed* prayers!

Well, the Reverend "soldier" and his party left us nearly in the same condition as when they found us, except a few who felt, by the Reverend's "promises," that their families would not suffer from the cold hand of charity and want. Under this vain illusion, they endeavored to keep up a cheerful heart, and to prepare themselves for the field of battle! Amen!—God be with you!

January 9th, 1847, all sail was set, and ho! for Mexico! though many with disheartened spirits, by the false representations given by their officers.

CHAPTER IX.

"On the sea, the open sea!"—Rum! rum!—Ship on fire—Vermine—Pork! pork!—Whiskey-headed officers—Gambling, and Doings on board the ship.

ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

The men, to say the least, felt as if they were deceived, *kidnapped*, and *drove* on board like so many slaves! Their *dampened* spirits and down-cast countenances told too plainly, that this was the fact; but they had to put up with it, and bear their situation like soldiers and men.

The wind blew, the waves run, and the ship sailed, and we, *poor devils*, went along at the same rate. Nothing particular occurred, except a plenty of sea-sickness, by which we saved considerable pork! The officers began to feel a little more safe—drank brandy and sang songs, until the Captain of the ship literally *kicked* them out of the cabin,—("for particulars, see small bills.") The men, about these *times*, began to feel *dry*—and by *digging* in the lower *story*, among the sutlers "goods and chattels," they found some fine brandy, (on the *free soil* plan,) and the *party* went in for free brandy, at any rate. It was some time before the *sap-headed* officers could ascertain where the men got their potations. They thought that the men had no *business* to drink from the bowl of *Bacchus*—that it was *bad* for their *health*, and not good

for their souls—if any drinking was to be done, the officers could do it without the *assistance* of the private!

Oh! rum! rum!—what destruction and devastation it makes! and we came very near *feeling* the effects of it. On one of the visits to the *lower story*, or “between decks,” a soldier got drunk over the *bung-hole*, and left the candle burning near by, which, had it not been discovered in time, would have set the ship on fire, it being at a late hour at night, and no vessel or land in sight, every soul on board must have perished! But with great presence of mind, our officers put a veto on such conduct for the future! To *tap* their “whiskey,” and the soldiers to be drunk, was not to be tolerated in a *civilized* community,—(any one seeing the *live creatures* running about deck or *crawling* up the rigging, would not be likely to think of much civilization!)—However, we “*ploughed* the ocean,” eating pork,—pork! until you would almost realize that you could hear the *grunting* of hogs.

When about fifteen days out, (at midnight,) the horrible cry of “fire” was raised,—“the ship on fire!”—I had been up the fore part of the night upon duty, as “Sergeant of the Guard,” (now Corporel,) and had left all “safe and sound,” when I retired to my *lousy hole*. In ten or twenty minutes afterwards, the “between decks,” with about three hundred souls were in suffocating smoke, occasioned by a candle placed upon a piece of scantling, filled with war implements. I *rushed* to the spot where the fire appeared to be, and smothered

it with a blanket, which soon put all things right again, except the smoke and fright of the whisky-headed officers! They never closed their eyes *that* night. One officer, to make sure of his safety, got into the yawl-boat during the alarm. After the fire and *fright* being over, we *passed* along the "briny deep" very comfortably, considering all things, (except a fight now and then among the Dutch and Irish, to keep up their *spirits*,) though, the men had many ways of amusing themselves: such as *tricks*, gambling, &c. Not having *their* "three month's extra pay," the soldiers would cut up tobacco into small *bits* and play with cards for them,—others were occupied in washing, cooking, talking, singing, or relating some amusing story, &c.

A STORY ABOUT VERMIN—THREE THOUSAND DROWNED IN
ONE DAY!

The *body-animals* began to increase so fast that they would occasionally pay a visit to the cabin. The officers not liking such intrusions, put a guard over the door of the cabin, with strict orders to let no one pass, unless a *pretty decent* "non com." However, the *animals*, having no respect of persons, would walk or creep leisurely in, to the great detriment of their poor bodies and "comforts." Exhausting all patience, they called a council of war, when it was determined to form the men into *squads*, which was to be called the "*Lice-picking Squad*," and each sergeant should command a squad, subdivided for each Corporal. I had the *extreme* honor to command a

squad of the above name. Each company of *squads* having appointed hours for the performance of duty, it was the most *interesting* and ludicrous scene ever witnessed by mortal eye. "Oh! what a *falling off* was there!" Allowing *ten* "*animals*" to each man, which is a *small* estimate, you have three thousand vermin (or "*animals*," a more genteel way of using the term,) which were thrown into the sea in one day!—"and the *things* were drowned!" Some of the *squad* would throw their shirts over-board, as the shortest *cut* to get rid of them.

Now, good reader, these are facts, and "nothing extenuated or set down aught in *malice*," and all owing to the negligence of the officers, for not having the men *cleansed* before putting on clean garments.

THE MONKEY LIEUTENANT.

One night, when I was "Sergeant of the Guard," it being very *hot* between decks, many of the men chose to sleep on deck or in the "fore-top." But, our Lieutenant "Officer of the Guard" ordered, and endeavored to *drive* them all below; many run up the rigging, and I was ordered by the valiant *sap-head*, to go up and *drive* them down by the point of the sword. Judging the order a *foolish one*, I most respectfully declined, remarking at the same time that, "I was no sailor." "Well," says the Lieutenant of the Guard, "if you are afraid to go up, I'll go *damn* quick!" So, up he goes, looking more like a monkey than anything that I can compare him to. While he was going up on one side,

the men would come down on the other, and, *vice-versa*, to the no small amusement of the sailors, who, afterwards, *dubbed* the officer the "Monkey Lieutenant." He was ridiculed by the men, and laughed at by the officers, and I believe it was his first and last appearance up a *mast*. "For the sake of his friends and family, I will forbear mentioning his name."

Our Doctor, or Surgeon, as he is called in the army, performed his part to the best of *his abilities*, as we had no medicines, excepting castor oil and salts, which he dealt largely in. In the morning, the drummer would beat the "Doctor's call," when all those who were sick and wished to be excused from duty, appeared in a line. "Well," says the Surgeon, "what is the matter with you?" "I feel bad, Sir, *all over*," replies the patient. "Put him down a *dose* of salts," says the Doctor to his assistant or steward, and so on, until one gets salts; the next, for variety, though for the same complaint, gets castor oil. The next morning the *dose* is changed if the patient gets no better; and, instead of salts, gives him oil; and the man that took the oil must try the salts! "Great country, this!"

"All's well that ends well."

CHAPTER X.

A pirate in sight—Great consternation on board of the ship—Water-spout—Danger of the same—In sight of Mexico—Boarded by Navy Officers—Arrived at Tampico—Officers go on shore—Ship going ashore.

OUR CAPTAIN ALARMED.

When within a few days' sail of the Brazos, we espied a "low, long, black schooner" bearing hard *down* upon us, and our ship's Captain appeared greatly alarmed, and walked up and down his quarter deck very impatient. Soon afterwards he raised the French colors, but none could find out the reason for his doing so, and all was alarm and consternation. Some of the sailors said it was nothing but a "fruit vessel," bound to New Orleans, while others thought different, and were sure that it was a pirate or a Mexican Privateer. However, as soon as the French colors were hoisted, the strange vessel immediately changed her course, and was soon out of sight. "Very much like a *whale*,"—at any rate, according to my idea, *why* did our Captain hoist French colors instead of American, unless to avoid the *craft*?—"that's the question," as Hamlet says. We should have been in a *pretty* "muss," if she had fired her "Long Tom" into three hundred brave soldiers who could'nt return the compliment! We had no large guns, and muskets would have been of no use, unless the pirate had boarded us, then, of course, we should have given them *fits*!

WATER-SPOUT—DANGER OF THE SAME.

The next day, after our encounter with the privateer, we came in sight of a water-spout—the most *awfully* and splendid sight I ever beheld at sea! It would be impossible for me to describe it; to all appearance, it was coming directly *amid-ships*—if it had done so, the power of the troubled water would, no doubt, have twisted the main-mast out of its *situation* in less time than I am writing about it—and, perhaps, left us a perfect wreck—besides, destroying many *valuable* lives, and the “Corporal of the Guard” among the rest!

Not being able to give a description of it, I will drop the subject, and shall be glad to get rid of it so *cheap*,—but this much I can say, it was a *feet* high!

January 28th, (it being the birth day anniversary of the “Corporal,”) we arrived off the *Brazos*, after a passage of nineteen days from our beloved country. We were boarded by the American Navy Officers, and reported ourselves to the commanding General, when we were ordered to lay off Tampico for further orders. We sailed accordingly on the following day, arriving off Tampico on the 31st inst.—“spoke” the United States Sloop of War Albany, who laid along side of us all night, and giving our Captain instructions, &c., in regard to the storms so dangerous and severe on the coast of the Mexican Gulf.

February 1st, we lay off Tampico and came to anchor. During the day, a small Government Steamer came out to visit us, when many of our officers, taking the advantage, went on shore. The “non com.’s” and privates

were forbid leaving the ship, though I had a brother-in-law in the Baltimore Battalion, with news from his mother and sisters, and I was denied the privilege of going on shore a few moments to see him. In fact, I always was, while in the army, kept more like a *slave* than like a freeman, or treated with the rights or honor of a non-commissioned officer!—The only excuse I can form for their unmanly treatment is, great *stupidity* and *ignorance* of human nature and duty.

THE SHIP IN DANGER OF BEING LOST.

A large quantity of *dried* beef was sent on board for each company, which we soon devoured. Water and wood were also brought to us, and it was with great difficulty that the soldiers would assist the sailors to receive it on board, as they frequently insulted the soldiers by throwing buckets of water upon them, and then sing “get out of de way,” when they were washing the decks. As bad as the sailors thought of the soldiers, they found them to be very useful, in cases of an emergency. At one time, the ship would have been lost had it not have been for the assistance of the soldiers. A “norther” came on at night, and the vessel dragged both her anchors and would have gone ashore, had not all hands on board *lent a hand*. The ship’s Captain begged of the soldiers to assist the sailors in raising the anchors, and help them to put to sea, or *all* on board would perish!

It was a dreadful night, and the storm was tremendous! Many vessels were lost in the same *gale*, and among them was the ship Ondiaka, with United States’ troops, which ran ashore about twenty miles below Tampico.

The men were saved from the wreck, but they fell into the hands of the Mexicans. Our ship put out to sea, and a wet time we had of it—everything which was in any way loose, was washed overboard,—and, below deck, the pork barrels and wood got adrift, *bunks* broke down, and such crashing, rolling, and tumbling about, &c., we began to think that the world was coming to an end. Aye! the “Corporal of the Guard,” began to tremble in his shoes, he being at the time on duty as “Sergeant of the Guard,” was compelled to remain on deck—God only knows for what purpose—for the officers could give no reasonable excuse.

THE GUARD WASHED AND ROLLED ABOUT.

The Guard were completely *drenched* by the waves rushing over the decks, and over our *carcases*. I was, for one, wet to the skin—washed about, kicked about, rolled about, and came very near rolling into the *accursed* “Mexican Sea.” I finally got hold of a sailor’s pea-jacket tail and *hung on*, until he dragged me to the windward, where I wound a piece of *rope* around my body, boldly singing out, “change the Guard!” But no Guard or sentinels could I see. Thinks I, *let* the ship go! I can go as fast as she can,—and over came another thousand bushels of salt water,—Oh, heavens! they intend to drown me alive!—Where shall I go?—What shall I do? I made a *rush* towards the cabin door to see if the “Officer of the Guard” was alive or drunk, for he had not shown his delicate face for a long time. In I went, the first sea, “heels over-head,” among brandy bottles, *sick* officers, broken *crockery*, &c., &c. I begged for a

spoonful of brandy, but they said it was all gone, or that I had no *business* to have any liquor while "on Guard." I would like to have some one, just at that present time, told me where the "Guard" *was*!

"LOUD SWELLED THE TEMPEST!"

The wind still blew a perfect hurricane—but, the Captain could'nt *stop it*,—he raved and swore, though, being "a *respectable* church member" in one of the New-York churches, he ordered the ship to *stand still*,—but it would'nt mind; it had no more feeling for us than a Guerilla, and it cut up more *capers* and turned more summersets than a circus-rider or a vaulting *machine*. For nearly three days we had such *kind of fun*, if you "landsman" choose to call it so. I could'nt but think of the words of—"O *carry me back to old Virginia, to old Virginia shore!*" It took us five or six days to return to our old anchorage ground, all alive and kicking, with only a few scratches and bruises. We were happy to get a breathing spell for a few days, after our unprofitable *excursion*, while most of the officers were on shore at Tampico, drinking mint julips, carousing, &c., &c.

"Hey, Betty Martin, tip-toe fine!"

Did'nt we go it strong on the wine?

CHAPTER XI.

Officers' arrival on board—Ordered off to Lobos Island—Fighting among the soldiers—Ditto. Captain and Lieutenants—"Board stopped"—Officers "shut down on"—Begging food from the soldiers—More "promises to pay"—Liquor gone—In great distress!

OFFICERS' ARRIVAL ON BOARD.

"Off she goes! off she goes! with a new fore-top-sail!
Off she goes! off she goes! to Lobos Island!
Off she goes!"

The officers, after having *pretty fine* times at Tampico, arrived on board the ship quite sober. I do not mean to insinuate that they were, or that they had been intoxicated while in Tampico—not at all! But, their conduct was such, that General Patterson thought it most advisable and prudent for them to go on board the ship, and do their duty with their respective companions, and accordingly ordered us to sail for "Lobos." After taking on board more fresh (*dried*, for it was the driest meat I ever *sucked*,) beef, water, and wood, we "pulled up stakes," and steered for "Lobos," the land of—bugs, insects, lizards, tanturillas, snakes, land-crabs, bad water, and death! On our passage, a fight would frequently occur, generally to the amusement of the bystanders—as our life was so monotonous, that, anything in the shape of a "muss" was very acceptable;—all the punishment which the combatants were awarded with, was to arrest them and

place them under guard for a short time, in a very pleasant part of the ship, much more so than what they were in the habit of having previous to the fight; the sentence, of course, was more of pleasure than of punishment.

During the passage, a beautiful and exciting "*fight*" occurred between the Captain of the ship and a Lieutenant, though, diminutive in size, he was *big* in consequence, in his own estimation at least. Some words of an unpleasant and disagreeable nature passed between the two heroes, from the "lie," and "you lie," "damn coward," &c., came blows, clenching, and the drawing of the fatal sword!—when they were parted, raging, and raving, like two hyenas. The report after the battle was, "two slightly wounded, two *frightened*, and none killed."

On, or about this time, or some days previous, the Captain of the ship began to consult his own interest; and in so doing, refused to board the officers, until they "paid up" their board-bill, as he thought it had been *standing* or laying too long for the benefit of *his* purse. Consequently, the *honorable's* pride began to fall about fifty per cent. To live on turkeys and chickens, and hot cakes, and then to be reduced to live on salt pork and crackers, was too bad—it was horrible!

"What, Sir!" says one of the *bravest*, "are not New-York officers' credit good for anything they might call for? Are we, Sir, to be placed on a *par* with common soldiers, and to be fed on pork and beans? Such conduct, Sir, is not to be tolerated!"

"Gentlemen!" says the Captain, "I am master of this ship, and I intend to be so as long as God gives me

breath! If you call yourselves gentlemen and men of honor, why don't you 'chalk up?' then I may 'tolerate' you! *Mark* my words,—you may yet be compelled to live upon worse fare than what the 'common soldier' gets,—at any rate, you eat no more of *my* fowls until you '*pint!*' "

"Oh! what a downfall was there, my countrymen!"

OFFICERS BEGGING FOR SOLDIERS' RATIONS.

After having been *virtually* kicked out of the cabin, the "*poor fellows*" came to our Orderly Sergeant, and with a down-cast look, begged for a little "*nice* pork," with "*trimmings*,"—that they had got tired of the living in the cabin, and had "*concluded*" to take some of the soldier's rations, which they would pay for in money, at some "*future* time." The "*Coporal*" thinks, that the "*future*" will be as long as the "*future* state of punishment."

To be liberal and considerate for our unfortunate situation, they would "*draw* a little from each company," so the loss, I suppose, would not fall all upon one company. Oh! what a kind, considerate, and affectionate set of officers! Out upon *such* hypocritical and "*considerate* beings!" Vanish from my sight! for your hearts are *rotten* with deceit! Where are all those solemn "*promises* of extra pay?"—forgotten?—yes, all forgotten! Self! self! and "*the devil* take the hindmost!" was their motto;—and the devil *will* take them one of these odd days of trouble, combustion, and telegraphic *navigation*!

AN

Apology for the First Part.

The "Corporal of the Guard" owes an apology for the very hasty manner, in which the first part of his plain history of the



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